

Growing Up

Fall Out Boy

I dried my eyes, now I crust them with sleep
I'll crust them over
She begged me "don't hate me"
She spun me a story
Where winning looks like losing
And I win every time
So thread spools sweetie, get ready
Until my silk is sold Growing up [Repeat: x2]
Yeah, I'll myself a new [Repeat: x1] I've dried my eyes, now its "Rushmore"
I'm deep with futures like Chicago
Glenview never meant a thing to me
She never meant a thing to me
Except for putting idealists in a body bag
Forget it
I'll go out tonight to piss on her doorstep
And listen to the misfits "where eagles dare" to swallow whole Up
Growing up [Repeat: x1] Go Whoa-oh-oh, I guess I'm my own better half [Repeat: x1]
Whoa, oh, I guess I'm on my own
Yeah, yeah, I guess I'm on my own
Yeah, I guess I'm on my own
Yeah, yeah, yeah
I guess I'm on my own

Songwriters

WENTZ/STUMP/TROHMAN Published by

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